Mexican bandits, in early gold camps and in Spanish haciendas, and later in the Apache and Pima country of Arizona, is all as thrilling as any romance of pioneer life in the West. "The State of California should pension Mrs. Swett," said ex-Gov. Markham, "for she is one of the very last connecting links between the California of old Mexican days and the California of the Americans since 1848. Mrs. Swett is indeed a remarkable heroine."

For seven years now she has lived in her grandon's home among the pine lumber camps of Coconino county, ten miles north of this town. She is 85 years old, and but for the rheumatism that has kept her closely confined to the house for several years she would be as active as a woman of 60. She has an unusually clear memory of events in her early life and her ability to remember dates is surprising. She is without means, but with a bag of tobacco and a new clay pipe she is always cheerful.

"I was born at Sag Harbor, Long Island, in 1815," she said to a recent caller. "When I was a child Sag Harbor was a great port for whalers and for shippers in the Cuban and West Indian trade. My father had been a sailor and had been twice around the Horn. From my earliest recollection he used to entertain us in our home of an evening with tales of his experiences on the California coast. Early I formed a taste for adventure, and I made up my mind while I was a girl in short skirts that some day I would go to California and live the free, adventurous and perilous life among Mexicans, bandits and half-breed savages which my father had told us about

"It was therefore natural that when I was married at the age of 20 I soon got my young husband to thinking as I did about the fortune that awaited us by growing cattle and dealing in hides and cattle in sunny and rosy California. In 1838 we started West, expecting ultimately to get to the Pacific coast. We went by team to Albany and from there to Buffalo on a packet boat on the Erie canal. It was a wonderful journey and so exciting that we hardly slept a wink on the trip of Buffalo we made our way on sailing vessels to Chicago. It was a town of about 4,000 people when we were there. I remember the muddy streets, the cows that roamed at will through the town, the wooden stores, the little cheap whitewashed houses, and the muddy river that wandered lazily all about the village. Mr. Swett and I set tled in Chicago. My husband got work on a cow farm west of the town, and we lived in the heart of Chicago. At morning he walked out to the farm, and at night he walked home again.

"From Chicago we went by wagon with our two baby boys to St. Louis. There our zeal to get to the Pacific coast was revived by the news that had come from there by hunters and trappers who had travelled from the Mississippi to the Pacific and back. My husband met Rit Carson, the famous frontiersman of that day, when he was in St. Louis in the winter of 1843, and we learned from Carson that a company of men and women were to start the next year on a journey across the plains to California. From that time my husband and I thought of little else than our proposed trip by ox team to the Pacific shore, which we had dreamed for years. In spite of the warnings we had that the Comanches and Chevennes were waiting to torture us to death. and notwithstanding all dire predictions of death on the plains by starvation and by freezing in the Rockies and Sierras, we started from Fort Leavenworth in May, 1845, for Monterey, Cal. That was a year before the Mormons went to Utah and made the trail over which our party trav elled famous as the Mormon trail

"There were forty-six young men, seven married women and eleven children in our party. It took a stout heart and a resolute spirit to bid farewell had prepared to join us in our hazardous journey backed out when the hour of starting came. We crossed the Rockies through a pass which the Union Pacific Railroad used twenty-five years later. We were two months in getting to the western slope of the Rocky Mountains. We saw enormous herds of buffaloes, and altogether we any about three hundred Indians, but we had had no notable experiences.

From Colorado we toiled in the burning heat of summer across the burning alkali deserts of Utah and Nevada. One of our young men went crazy from the heat and thirst in that awful region toiling forward through the sands under a scorching sun. The next day several more young men fell ill with fever and we thought they would die. Then, to add to our distress, four or five oxen dropped dead from the heat and thirst. We threw away two wagonloads of our household goods and left behind two wagons. Several of us women became teamsters. How we ever maneged to get along at all has never been clear to me. But the men who were able to work and we women urged the poor bellowing oxen on, and finally we got to grass and water on the eastern slope of the Sierras. Meanwhile a young woman and two men died of fever. All we could do was to roll the corpses in a blanket, scoop out a hole in the parched sand and bury the bodies so they

ould not be disturbed by coyotes. "When we reached the Sierras the Piutes-the meanest Indians, by the way, that ever breathed -hung about our camp. Several times we had reason to believe that they were about to swoot down upon us. Some of our party were so ill and worn out that they didn't care what fate was in store for them; others were almost paralyzed with fear. Ten of us were always on guard in our camp. Women with bables in their arms had to stand guard, too, when the men were worn out to live on the least possible allowance of cornmeal

and beans for months. "Finally we reached the summit of the Sierras I first saw human blood shed. I grew used to frightful deeds in after years. One of our men, a big, powerful fellow, with unpleasant, domineer half-breed Indian about some trivial thing. I was looking at both men at the time. Suddenly the Indian drew a knife. Quick as a cat he sprang on the young man and held him down on the earth with one hand while he drove the knife into his back and side again and again. I screamed, and my husband and others ran to the scene. Quicker than I can tell it, three of our men had their old fashioned pistols out and fired bullets through the Indian's skull. Oh, it was

what is now Sacramento. Eight adults and two children in our party had died on the way. My husband got work very soon as a vaquero for a proud and rich old Mexican named Lugo, on the Sacramento River. Ah! those were lovely days. No one had any hard work to do. There was never any haste. Everything in the line of work was any haste. Everything in the line of work was put off till to-morrow. The sheep and cattle multiplied and got fat, and there was always enough for all to eat and wear. But we tried of so calm and easy a life. We wanted to go and get a ranch for ourselves, and, above all, to have a taste of some California adventures. Capt Sutter told mp husband that there were thousands of acres of forests of valuable woods and no end of rich lands to be had free about 200 miles north of Sutter's fort, near the Oregon line. A company of ten men was organized to go there and found an American colony. Along with my little boys

ANOLD-FASHIONEDHEROINE

FRONTIER ADVENTURES OF MRS.
POLLY SWEIT OF ARIZONA.

She is One of the Most Remarkable Women on the Pacific Coast. There is probably no other woman, and perhaps no man alive, who has experienced to test perhaps no man alive, who has experienced to many dangers and endured so much hardship and grim privation as she. The narrative of her fifty-five years as a woman pioneer on the borders of civilization, among California Indians and Mexican bandits, in early gold camps and in

That very few women nowadays ever experience. I had become even more expert with the rifle than my husband. I was, therefore, left alone in the woods with my children many a day, while the men went away over the hills to search for land studied by their purposes. On several occasions, while the men were gone, I shot and killed black bears that came hosing about our camp for food. I never tackled a grizzly. It's too dangerous. "Our party pushed forward to what is now wonted to barter furs for our guns, and when they found that our men would not part with a gun on any consideration they attacked us in the expectation of killing us all and getting the fire many dangers and endured so much hardship and grim privation as she. The narrative of her fity-five years as a woman pioneer on the borders of civilization, among California Indians and Mexican bandits, in early gold camps and in

the boards behind which I had taken refuge with my baby.

"The men in our party kept out of range of the arrows while they crawled back to the cabin among the trees. I gave each man a gun. The guns were always loaded. Then all at once the men rose and delivered a broadside into the timber where the Indians were concealed. We heard the redskins running away. The next day when our men went across the river to see what their

where the Indians were concealed. We heard the redskins running away. The next day when our men went across the river to see what their bullets had done they found an old Indian dead with a hole in his chest. That Indian had three scalps of Indians hanging from his belt.

"There were too many Indians and too little law and order in northern California them to make my husband and the other men satisfied with any land there, no matter how valuable. When we had got back to Sutter's fort, content to be alive, we heard of the killing of seven or eight men and women in a party of Missouri emigrants by the Piutes in Utah a few weeks after we had passed over that same route. Along with several exciting experiences at that time, in the summer of 1846 was the organization of a volunteer force of militia to fight the Mexican treops under command of Gen. Castro of Monterey, Gen. John C. Fremont had authority from the United States War Department to organize a military force. The prize to be lought for was the control of California by the United States. We were told that if the Americans whipped the Mexicans in California we could have things all our own way in the new country. My husband enlisted under Fremont and went to Monterey with the hatalion. Subsequently he marched with the Fremont battalion through the San Joaquin Valley to Los Angeles. The war for the acquisition of California by the Americans was all over in five months and the soldiers under Fremont never got even thanks for their services. was all over in five months and the soldiers under Fremont never got even thanks for their services. The queerest fact about my husband's service in the battalion for the wresting of California from Mexican rule was that all the time he was a guest at the hacienda of a hospitable Mexican I was a guest at the hacienda of a hospitable Mexican family. I should add that only once while I was there did I hear an unkind expression concerning the Americans. So courteous and so considerate were my Mexican hosts that they went out and warned each arriving Mexican visitor there not to speak harshly of their enemies while I was within hearing.

"The news of the finding of gold began to be "The news of the finding of gold began to be circulated in central California in April, 1848. We were then getting into sheep ranching among the foothills near what is now Santa Rosa. A vaquero came over the trail one day and said that the men down at Sutter's fort were all excited because gold had been found in the American River. We paid no attention to the statement. I believe that my husband remarked that Sutter was always getting up some excitement based on nothing. Travellers were a week or two apart in that region in those days. The next one who came that way was wild with his tale of how gold was being washed out by everybody down at the as being washed out by everybody down at orth fork of the American River. A week h

every one was excited at the continued gold finds. My husband and I shut up our house, turned our sheep loose and went with our children pell mell across the country toward the scene of Marshal's find. I was the first American woman on the scene of the discovery.

"No one can satisfactorily describe the excitement in California during the first six months before outsiders began to arrive at the diggings. Every form of business and all pursuits were abandoned for gold mining. I have seen beautiful ranch homes left to the birds and elements, while the owners went and washed gold along the American River. My husband got out \$1,600 in gold in the first week he mined on the American River. The whole country was insane with in gold in the first week he mined on the American River. The whole country was insane with excitement and when autumn came round a white man or a white boy who was at all able-bodied was not to be found for miles and miles around, for all had gone seeking gold. Prices for everything we ate and used rose to ten and twelve times their former value and it was often hard to get provisions at any price, because what man was going to fool away his time with ham and pork and calico when he could pick up gold nuggets all day long at the diggings?

You can have no idea how plentful gold was in that region all of a sudden, and its very plenty made it such a delirlous, dreamy state that none of us realized what a marvellous epoch we were living in. To show you how easily we got wealth,

of us realized what a marvellous epoch we were living in. To show you how easily we got wealth, I may say that one day a Mexican, a stranger to me, came riding a horse to my house in Napa. He asked me to store some gold in my garden for him, because he was on his way from the diggings and found he had too big a load to carry, ite had to go on horseback 200 miles further down Sacramento River. I agreed and he divided a load of about thirty pounds of gold nungets and dust that he had in bars on the pommel of his saddle. He buried about fifteen pounds of gold at a certain marked spet in my back doorward. Then he rode off and I neither saw nor heard anything of him for weeks. He came back and gave me about a pound of the gold for keeping his treasure secret. Gold I believe was worth about \$240 a pound at that time. That

were in solution of the control of t

put in a lot of work in making an attractive room in the cabin for my comfort and we all settled down believing that at last we were to have a peaceful, prosperous life. In a year the boys had a herd of 200 head of cattle.

"In the summer of 1880 the San Carlos Apaches became fractious. My boys went armed all the time and seldom went more than a mile from the cabin, except together. Many a time that summer I saw half-nude Apaches skulking among the rocks and chaparral on the mountainside up from our cabin. I knew we were being watched. Lots of times I sat by night or day in the cabin with a rifle across my lap and two pistols near at hand. Sometimes I went out of the cabin in the morning and saw the prints of Indian's moccasins in the dust on the ground at the doorstep. Occasionally we heard from a soldier or a rancher or a mining prospector of the murder of a ranchman's family by the savages or the burning of a man's cabin by the Apaches merely for devilitry. We lost a dozen head of cattle in one year by Apaches. But dreadful though our life was, there all alone, we could not well go away and abandon our all in the world. Besides we were too proud to be scared away by prowling Indians. Then also the Apaches would sometimes be apparently quiet, and not be seen for months at a time. We would believe that they had again been cowed into docility by the troops.

"One day in January, 1881, when we had not seen any Apaches for a few weeks, my son Jin came tearing down the trail from Box Springs toward our cabin. His naturally florid face was white.

"Harness up quick! Get all the guns and get out! A dozen Apaches are hiding two miles over there and they are armed and waiting to kill us, said Jim, while he snatched up my Winchester and they are armed and waiting to kill us, said Jim, while he snatched up my Winchester and my seven shooter.

"As he afterward explained to us, he was out

and my seven shooter.
"As he afterward explained to us, he was ou "As he afterward explained to us, he was out hunting a maverick on his range when he noticed the tracks of the Apaches on the trail farther down the valley. He knew instinctively where the Indians had gone. He crawled stealthily behind timber, among chaparral and along boulders up the mountainside, until peeping out from behind a rock he saw the knot of Indians getting ready for a descent upon our cabin. Jim then worked down the mountainside until he was out of possible view by the Indians, and ran with all speed to take us from our danger.

out of possible view by the Indians, and ran with all speed to take us from our danger.

"There are too many of 'em for us to fight, We've got to get to the fort to save our lives,' said Jim, while we bridled the mules.

"In a minute more we were in the saddles and on the way down the trail. Some Apache must have been hidden among the chaparral near our cabin and have let the rest of the marauders hidden above us on the mannalmide know that we were cabin and have let the rest of the marauders hidden above us on the mountainside know that we were fleeing. We had not gone more than half a mile as fast as we could force our beasts to go before we heard the peculiarly flendish yell of Apaches back of and above us. It seemed as if a hundred bullets whizzed past us and over our heads, but the number was probably near a score. We got away all right, but our cabin was burned and our stock killed and drawn off. We learned later that the same party of Apaches who were preparing to murder us had slain a young English cowboy over in Pinal county the day before and had burned the deserted ranchhouse of an old settler in that part of the Territory.

the deserted ranchhouse of an old settler in that part of the Territory.

"Oh, yes, I have had my experiences with bandits, too. I have been in two hold-ups. Once I was travelling with my married daughter and her baby on the stage between Monterey and San Jose in the summer of 1865 when we were held up by no less an outlaw than Jesus Machado. He was hanged a year or two later at Santa Cruz. up by no less an outlaw than Jesus Machado. He was hanged a year or two later at Santa Cruz. It was a very warm day, and the coach was crowded uncomfortably. A few of us were dozing, when suddenly there came a cry of 'Hold up there!' We all knew what it meant. My daughter, who had been reared in mining camps, was not at all frightened. 'Now, there's no need of killing decent folks,' she called out to the masked bandit who came out to the side of the gulch where he had stopped us with a big bore revolver in each hand. 'We're a poor, hard-up crowd, and that's where we will be a starting.'

hand. We're a poor, hard-up crowd, and that's where you're in hard luck, partner."
"Well, you're a cute one, replied the masked bandit. You folks get out and put all you can spare on the flat stone over there, and I'll call it square. Ladies needn't get out. I'll trust them to do the fair hing." square. Ladies needn't get out.
to do the fair thing."
"One white haired man, whose hands and clothes
showed that he had a hard strugle to get a living,
started to get his watch out of his pocket. The
masked man stopped him by saving. "That il
hav't want more jewelry. Got too much

### WHERE ONE HOBO RODE. It Was Under the Locomotive Pilot and

From the Memphis Scimitar. Mr. Henry Hooper, a St. Louis railroad man who is now in Memphis for a few days, while talk-

He Became Sorry.

ing with a reporter, related a curious incident of his early road life which happened while he was braking on the Missouri Pacific out of St. Louis. "In 1893," said Mr. Hooper, "I was running on a freight between St. Louis, and Sedalia Mo., and it was during that winter that I ran across something that laid it over all I ever saw in the

way of hoboling. Now, of course, I've seen bums riding in all ways and places imaginable, and to see a man banging to the rods of a fast freight

severe shock myself. Before Dan could let go the throttle it seemed to me hedlam had broke loose under that engine.

"Lemme out! yelled some one. Lemme out Move her up! Oh, Lord. I'm burnin' up!" The sounds came from under the pilot. Rushing round to the front we saw a hobo, not on the pilot, but squirming around on the cross braces underneath it, yelling for all that was in him!

"In a moment Dan had moved the machine up as, as to put the poor fellow away from the fire, and while he beat out with his dirty paws his blazing contails he still cussed, coughing all the while like an engine coming up a grade.

"How in Sam Hill,' roared old Brennan, not relishing the dressing down the hobo gave him, 'How in Sam Hill did you git under my pilot?"

"If got here when his bloomin' tea kittle was over de pit at Sedalia; but youse fellows needn' try to barbecue me for dat, need you?"

"Oh, but old Brennan was wrathy. 'Come out o' dat, we dirty porch climber, or I'll set ye back over the fire.'

"How o'n I git out wid dis track under me?" the hobbo yelled back. "Tink I c'n dig t'rough it? "Brennan saw that it was impossible for him to come from under the pilot till another roundhouse was reached. This enterprising 'tourist' had crawled into the pilot while the engine stood over the pit in the Sedalia roundhouse, and of course could not get out till another ri was placed under him. Although he had plenty of room to sit, it was a very hazardeus place to ride, for in a wreck death would be certain. When we reached

under him. Although he had plenty of room to sit, it was a very hazardous place to ride, for in a wreck death would be certain. When we reached Chamois, twenty five miles further on, where there was a roundhouse, the poor devil was released. But he was a sight to see. His coattails were burned off, his whiskers and hair was singed, one of his 'lamps' was groggy from sulphur smoke and flying grit, and on the whole, to quote old man Brennan he looked like a 'ravelled top spring on a rainy day."

# ENGLISH ENLISTMENT METHODS. the War Office's Slipshod Ways.

City Troop Man of Philadelphia Writes of the War Office's Slipshod Ways.

Philadelphia, Feb. 17.—George F. C. Prait, who, during the Spanish-American war, was a member of the Second Troop, Philadelphia, and who went to England recently to enlist with an English regiment to fight against the Boers, has written a letter to a friend in this city which shows the lax method of conducting affairs by the London War Office.

"It is nothing but war talk here," he writes, "and everybody is worked up to fever heat. I volunteered for the Imperial yeomanry and was accepted as a non-commissioned officer, with the promise that I should be taken care of, so far as a commission was concerned, upon reaching South Africa. I was not sworn in, but told that I should receive instructions at what depot to report for duty within a few days. I was about to give up hone of hearing anything at all, when orders came for me to report at the headquarters of the Pembrokshire yeomanry. I left London in charge of ten men before daybreak for a place called Tenbry, and on our arrival found no one to meet us, so we wandered aimlessiy about the street until noon, when we discovered the Order'y Boom. I was then informed by the authorities that they knew nothing of our coming until about an hour beforehand. We were then marched to the burrows and were put through a series of tests in shooting and riding.

"You will see from this how rotten is the system of the War Office authorities even at the present time, and this is the general complaint from all classes. There were two troops of yeomanry formed and fully equipped who had been accepted for active service in South Africa. They had drilled hard every day for three weeks, during which time they did not receive a farthing from the Government, and finally, becoming disgusted with the delay in being sworn in they quit in a body. Should I hear nothing concerning myself in the next week I will return home."

WOMAN'S IDEAL BOHEMIA. THE BACHELOR GIRLS CLUB DIS-

CUSSES ITS POSSIBILITY. Dangers of Distillusion Portrayed - The Narrow-Mindedness of Man the Principal Argument Against Feminine Unconventionality-Breakfast at the Widow's.

The widow girl was giving a breakfast to the nembers of the Bachelor Girls' Confession Club. She had sent out invitations announcing the subject for informal discussion: "Is an Ideal Bohemia Possible?" and had suggested that each girl rake her memory for some incident which might have a bearing on the subject.

Informal meetings were getting more popular as it had been discovered that the President's rigid adherence to parliamentary rules was killing all spontancity in the expression of opinion. Sh had even begun to use a tack-hammer for a gavel instead of the chafing-dish cover and the wooden spoon, and there was a certain unexpressed feeling that she allowed herself more ample opportunity

The widow girl lived in a house, which fact seemed almost uncanny to the Bachelor Girls, who all lived in studios and flats. There wasn't a Chinese lantern, or a bamboo portiere or a couch in the widow girl's house, so that it was not to be wondered at that the members felt a little ill at ease, especially when a maid with a cap and apron took them up stairs to take off their wraps in a small room with a brass bed all done up in dotted swiss and blue bows

The newspaper girl said that she had slept in a hammock for four years, and the fashion illustrator and the woman's rights girl admitted for the first time that their upright pianes had folding attachments in the back fitted with spring mat

Breakfast was served in a dining room on a table with a white cloth and not a candle in sight. But there was a bunch of daisies in a glass bowl, and the sunlight came in through looped-back curtains. The pronounced domesticity of the place caused the Bachelor Girls to feel some queer pangs of remembrance for homes in distant cities The medical student almost broke down when she came across a rubber plant in a Japanese iar diniere in the hall. Every one sat in chairs dur was never known to sit anywhere but on the floor, took the chair given her at the foot of the table offering a concession to her outraged feelings by curling her right foot beneath her on the seat.

The widow girl wore a particularly kittenish frock made with a voke and a baby waist. It was a decided departure, as the Bachelor Girls were all addicted to kimonos and artistic effects, that only looked well in dim rooms with hanging lanterns, where one couldn't quite see if the gowns were all they looked to be. Then there was an odo of coffee instead of the usual joss sticks that were burned at meetings, and, altogether, the Bachelor Girls felt that the widow girl was going back on traditions and was experiencing some change of

introduced the subject. "The question," she said, "is one that is of immense importance to our sex in general. Especially to those of us so much engaged in life's earnest pursuits that social rules and a proponderance of etiquette seem too much like hard work. Bohemia, if it could be idealized would offer an alluring prospect."

The typewriter grl nodded solemnly, and the salted almonds were passed with all the sacredness of a rite. Each member of the Bachelor tirls Confession Club regarded herself as a Bohemian with limitations, but the line had never been defined with enough exactness to be understood. It seemed as though this meeting's discussion would establish a fixed standard.

"Bohemia as it might be," went on the girl who wrote verses, "would be a sort of earthly paradise. As it is, it is impossible—it is a title which stands for everything that is in the worst possible taste."

"At least, it is more interesting than pink teas," said the medical student, snapping her cigarette case open and shut nervously. It was generally known that her engagement with the house physician of the Set Bone Hospital had been broken off on account of her Bohemian proclivities.

"More interesting—perhaps," said the verse girl.

"More interesting—perhaps," said the verse girl.

"More interesting -perhaps," said the verse girl,
"but more dangerous. The danger lies principally in a girl's tendency to believe in things,
to idealize people and to attribute to them all the
virtues in the calendar simply because she likes
them. She is always holding coronations and
placing invisible crowns of roses on the brows
of those she meets, and sometimes -sometimes
the clouds of her fancy disperse and she sees a
skull" The verse girl drank some water with the air

ly they could have all had 'transportation, for have been on the road myself and bled level that when a man is willing to take such big chances of life and limbt set over the country a fellow need not had in the company had different views in regard to the matter and we had to chase 'em or lose out. That hight, and it was cold enough to freeze the whiskers off a polar bear, I made over a dozen poor devils unload from the 'decks' and reds and felt sorry for every one of them when they hit the grit through the snow. Of course this sounds to you like a "pipe," coming from an old shack, but the snow. Of course this sounds to you like a "pipe," coming from an old shack, but the snow. Of course this sounds to you like a "pipe," coming from an old shack, but the snow. Of course this sounds to the end of the train Old literana, the finest 'eagle eye whoever jerked a throttle, called out with two of the crew to chase hobos. Just as we got to the end of the train Old literana, the finest 'eagle eye whoever jerked a throttle, called to Dan Hilms, his firmen, to back un, so that he could oil and wise his links. Dan was cleaning his fire at the time, so, tring it a limit staked from the firebox.

Just about that time I thought old man Brennan was going to throw a fit, and I got a pretty severe shock myself. Before Dan could iet go the throttle it seemed to me bediam had broke loose under that engine.

"Just about that time I thought old man Brennan was going to throw a fit, and I got a pretty severe shock myself. Before Dan could iet go the throttle its expected to the front we saw a hobe, not on the pilot, but squirming around on the cross braces undernant it, yelling for all that was in physical properties.

"In a moment Dan had moved the machine ures, as to put the poor fellow away from the fire, and while the engine severe shock myself. Before Dan could it got got the train of the properties of t

one definite idea, if I can call it an idea, being that as a triumphant climax to a social career I should marry—marry a man."

The woman's rights girl sneered until it became audible in a snift. The widow girl colored somewhat guiltily and the fulfy girl turned the diamond of her engagement ring around so that it rested in her palm. The emphasis of the medical student quickened her tempting Talmagesque style to give the effects of the rushing waves: "My frail bark bounded onward to the very verge; the social waters seethed about me madly, I was about to go over—when"

She paused dramatically. The girls sat with their broiled mushrooms untasted, enchanted by her eloquence and wondering what could possibly have happened at this juncture in her career.

a doddering society woman with nothing to think of but face massage and the fit of a gown.

As the medical student always wore remarkably well fitting tailor made gowns, her remark was considered ill chosen by the President who motioned to the verse girl that she might proceed in the next order. The medical student sat down feeling that she had created a profound impression. The fluffy girl asked what deduction was to be drawn from the medical student's remarks. "As far as that goes," said the fluffy girl, "I am supposed to be in society now. I don't consider it a crime—I make it a study and I don't consider it a crime—I make it a study and I don't callow it to absorb me nor do I keep late hours—nor have I the dyspensia."

"I was only speaking of myself," said the medical student; "Bohemianism—had been attacked—I wished to show that the society game becomes monotonous and undesirable as the other—it's all a deuced bore!"

monotonous and undestrable as the other -it's all a deuced bore!"

The President rapped loudly on the water tumb-

as to moderation of expressions!" she said looking severely at the medical student; "the effects of Bohemianism are frequently the strongest arguments that could be employed against it."

There was a painful pause, during which the widow girl touched the Japanese chimes softly and the maid brought in a cut glass dish of Southern strawberries and cream with little iced cakes in lace paper frills. It was a happy thought of hers and it impressed the members. The fluffy girl made some remark complimenting the medical student on her fine complexion and a music box began to play in the next room.

"Bohemia will never be ideal," said the widow, "until human nature is ideal. Men will always be too narrow-minded. With some exceptions; here she carelessly picked up a golden heart locket which hung on her chatelaine, "to understand that some women's minds are broad enough to held a Bohemianism that does not crowd out the ideals or the worthy beliefs or the high standards. Nine men out of ten, who would hate to be called cads, think that feminine Bohemianism means an excuse for discourteey. Conventionality is the dog whipt that must be kept in plain view to keep some men on their good behavior.

"But there is always the tenth man," said the

"But there is always the tenth man," said the verse girl.
"But you have to have a search warrant to find him," said the fashion illustrator, in a stage

"And a ball and chain to keep him," said the medical student.

"And think of all the experiments that may prove failures." said the flufly girl.

"For which reason," said the widow girl; "it is well to deal out feminine Bohemianism in small doses to carefully selected patients. Otherwise it is apt to produce intoxication on the part of the recipient and consequent disillusion on the part of the girl Robemian."

of the girl Bohemian."
"And disillusion" said the verse girl, "is the pit in the plum of life which gives us mental appendi-Citis."

There was a low tapping of spoons against the tabel cloth at this and the widow girl announced that it was nearly 2 o'clock and that she had a box for the matinee, to which she wished to invite the

## DEMOSTHENES SAT NEXT. Surprise That Befell a British Guest at an

"It had been pointed out to me more than once said the visiting Englishman, "that one difference between Englishmen and Americans was that Englishmen, as a rule, are good conversationalists and Americans good speakers, but the fact was only fully impressed upon me at a dinner I attended some time ago.

"It was a large public dinner of the fifteen dollar-a-plate variety. There were all sorts of big men and famous after-dinner speakers pres ent, and the post-prandial flow of soul was expected to be something choice. My seat was between a small man who was entirely occupied with his friends on his right, and a large fat man on my left who like myself seemed to be more or less of a stranger. As a neighbor at dinner the latter did not appeal to me. He kept a triffe too much of his face submerged in his plate for strictly good form and used his knife and fork with the abandon of a man shovelling coal.

"But you know the expansive feeling that noble dinner with sound wine and good music generates in one. We'd scarcely finished soup when some trifling thing occurred that suggested what seemed to me such a very clever bit of comment that I was obliged to share it with some one. I turned to my right hand neighbor but his right-hand neighbor was claiming all of his attention. Then I turned to my left. The large fat man was finishing his bread stick and gazing anxiously at the waiters who were beginning to bring in the fish. He didn't strike one as promising subject, but it was he or nothing so

"He withdrew his eyes from the incoming wait ers long enough to give me a vacant stare and mutter 'aw -- yes,' and plunged immediately into the turbot which at that moment was se

"I don't scatter any more pearls before that I said to myself.

"But a little later, just as the entrees were com ing in, I had another happy idea. This one was a gem as superior to my first as rubies to rhinestones. I looked about me in despair.

# The Picturesque Team That Hustles Along a City Fire Engine.

One of the engines that answered an alarm for a little fire on the west side of Sixth avenue the other night, coming up a cross street from the at the hydrant nearest the fire. The usual bunch of people gathered around, admiring the engine and the big, perfectly matched three-horse team; and the horses found something there to interest them in the activity of Sixth avenue, toward which they faced, and in the passing of the steam trains on the elevated road, and of the under trolley. seen these things before, and they were not alarmed by them but they were interested, and they showed by them but they were interested, and they showed their interest by their alert and attentive bearing. Once when there was a striking combination of interesting things in front, elevated trains passing at the same moment, with two passing horseless cars on the surface the three big fire horses proved in a simple but striking manner that they knew what was on. Standing as they were in perfect alignment, and with heads and necksheld exactly alike, the three horses pricked up their ears and threw them forward at precisely the same angle; a line drawn from the tip of the nigh ear of the nigh horse to the tip of the off ear of the off horse would have touched every tip. It had seemed a well-matched team before; it seemed well-matched now, indeed.

VAGARIES OF GEN. JOE WHEELER Peculiarities of the Brave Little Man That

Serve Only to Endear Him the More. Gen. Joe Wheeler will receive no warmer welome from any class of people when he resumes his seat in the House of Representatives than from the doorkeepers at thelvarious committee rooms into which he is sure to drop some time during each day. Life has seemed dull to them this winter, and they say it is owing to the absence of the genial and ubiquitous little fighter from Alabama, for no other member of the House keeps things stirring in the committee rooms as does Gen. Wheeler.

Some article of his clothing is stowed away

in the closet of nearly every room. He has a way of jerking off his cuffs and putting them in un looked-for places-frequently in the waste basket After a while he misses them, and runs around to the various doors and insists that such and such an attendant has put them where he can't find them. After exciting searches they are sometimes found, but more often overlooked and get packed away in the official wardrobe. Many a pair of sleeve links has the General lost in this way. He will run into a committee room, and if he finds there a group talking on any subject in which he is interested, will drop his hat and coat on the floor and in two minutes be in the thick of a heated argument. Some ponderous member of the committee will get up to leave the room, inadvertently step on the hat, and in a winkling the brave little man is up and smoothing out his battered headgear with the greatest surprise and solicitude, wondering how on earth it came to be on the floor. He is said to have lost more hats than any other man in Congress, and the official barber always keeps an extra hat on hand for Gen. Wheeler in case of emergency, When the members see him starting for home almost lost to sight under a very large hat that has evidently belonged to a seven and threequarter sized head, they know what has hap pened.

The running about the rooms and corridors that he does in the course of a day would completely wear out a less indefatigable man. There s considerable method in that, however, as it enables him to escape many importunate constituents-they are never able to catch up with him. One day during the last session a stranger went to the room of the Military Committee and inquired if Gen. Wheeler was in. The affable at endant got into conversation with him and found him to be some one whom the General would like to see. The stranger said he had been up to the House two days hunting Wheeler, and every one would tell him the General was just here, or there, or in the smoking room, but he never could find him. Sald the attendant:

"Do you really want to see Gen. Wheeler?"

"I certainly do," replied the visitor. "Then take my advice, sir, Pick out any spot on this side of the Capitol—it doesn't matter where, and just stand there quietly for ten minutes, and I am morally certain the General will come by it, and thus you will have your opportunity to speak to him."

"I expect that's good advice," returned the visitor and I think I will stay right here for awhile." In less than three minutes. Gen. Wheeler bounced into the room, and seeing his friend, expressed the utmost delight in the meeting, while the door keeper looked on with an I-told-you-so air.

All the members of the Wheeler family have been ever independent in their movements and one rarely expressed any curiousity about the doings of the other, and while confidence was always enjoyed, it was never forced. On one occasion during the life of Mrs. Wheeler, who was a woma

to rhinestones. I looked about me in despair.

My righthand neighbor was trying to talk to a man four seats above him. He was out of the question. I tried to go on with my dinner, but it wouldn't do. I felt like the poet's dark, unfathomed cave of ocean. I glanced toward my left. The gross, fat man was oblivious and moist with labor.

"No matter,' I said, 'this would awaken the soul of a chimpanzee.' And watching my opportunity I gave him my delightful idea straight between the eyes.

"He looked at me this time as though I had awakened him from a sound sleep.

"Aw—og—g—— I dessay," he mumbled uneasily, and went back to his plate like an arrow to its mark. I think he was in process of swallowing a game croquette whole.

awakened him from a sound sleep.

"Aw—org — 1 dessay," he mumbled uneasily, and went back to his plate like an arrow to be mark. It think he was in process of swall record to the second of the children came to the control of the co York, would bring up the total to nearly \$60,000, a difference of \$33,000, which in a small and frugally managed State like South Carolina is an item of considerable difference.

The Vermont Legislature is composed of 276 members and should its sessions be prolonged unduly the cost to the people of that economically administered commonwealth would be heavy. In New England generally it is not the custom to limit legislature sessions by statutory enactment but rather by what is known as unwritten law, the law of frugality in public expenditure to which legislators in a matter relating to their own pay are held rigidly to account. Massachusetts has no such limit, neither has New Hampshire. Maine, Connecticut, or Vermont, but Rhode island has established one and without it the expense of legislative sessions would be an onerous one (there are 110 members). If Rhode Island paid liberally for the services of statesmen—which it does not.

Pennsylvania has no limit on the session of its Legislature; neither has Ohio. The former State compensates its legislators at the same rate as New York pays, \$1,500 a year; Ohio pays only \$600. Kentucky limits the legislative session at Frankfort to sixty days; there is a limit of sixty days. California, Colorado, Maryland, Minnestates the Legislatures of which meet bleumally a session of ninety days is equivalent to forty-five days as the limit, and as all five are States the Legislatures of which meet bleumally a session of ninety days is equivalent to forty-five days a year.

West Virginia has a limitation of forty five days, but forty five blennially. Delaware, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, South Dakota. Utah, and Washington have sixty-day limits. Missourt has seventy. Ala bama has fifty. There is no limit in Wiscousin, Wyoming's limit is forty days at the rate of \$5 a day for its legislators who are only fifty seven in number. Long sessions usually mean many laws. Short sessions are business like and, in the public interest, brief.

SHE TEACHES BREATHING.

NEW SPECIALDY IN THE FIELD

OF HEALTH CULTURE. The Art of Correct Respiration as Imparted Practice Beneficial Alike to the Young and the Old, the Well and the Ailing. "Where are you bound for now?" a woman in

> "Going to my breathing lesson. Three mornings a week you know. You ought to come in some time." "And Elsie goes, too?" with a glance at the little

the Broadway car asked another as the two rose

girl accompanying her mother. "Yes, I'm determined she shall be set on the

right road early in life. It's very important for children."

When the women had got off and the car resumed its way, a fine-featured old lady in the orner seat leaned over and touched her neighbor's arm. "Pardon me." she said. "but did I hear aright? Did that lady say she was going to her breatning lesson?" "Yes," answered the neighbor, a young woman

with eyeglasses and a red covered bag. "They teach people to breathe now, you know." "No, I did not know. Thank you," said the elder wo man, and the look on her face said plainly

"What next" "Teach breathing? Of course I do," said the nistress of the big, sunny studio where this fine art is pursued. "And what is more I have plenty of people to teach it to. It's a serious task. There isn't one person in fifty who breathes right. Singers perhaps, because it is a part of their business to do so, and maybe prizefighters or men in especial training for some physical feat, but just ordinary. unprofessional people seldom give breathing hought. If correct breathing was a common practice there wouldn't be so many invalids, nor would there be so many people going away for change of air and climate. No, I'm not a physician except in the sense that I have studied physiology. and I'm not a singing teacher, nor a physical culturist. I'm simply a woman with a firm belief

in correct breathing as the secret of healthful life,

and who wishes to impress others with the im

"There has been a good deal written and said

portance of the matter.

y eminent authorities about the value of correct oreathing, but to realize that correct breathing is good and to know how to breathe correctly are quite different ma ters. Because so many people understand the importance of the subject is the eason why I have so many pupils. Proper breathing exercises taken in moderation are splendid restorative for a jaded society woman. orrect breathing will ease and soothe disordered nerves, and certainly go far toward counteracting very delicate person for years and spent thousand of dollars in travel and for medical treatment. I had natural taste for music, and with intent to divert my mind from my ailments I took singing lessons. Nobody can become a good singer without first mastering the art of deep breathing, and I became interested in the subject and read physiological aspect of the matter. I practiced breathing for its own sake, and stumbled on the truth that, of the three ways of taking breath, nly one, that which inflates the lungs from their base by contracting the diaphragm, is correct and beneficial. From the time I gave attention to the subject I took care to breathe correctly. I began to improve in health feel buoyant, am sound as a d llar and now I have slight fear of any sickness attacking me. If the vital part of the human machine is in perfect working order, disense is disarmed. I do not disparage muscular exercise and think that free movement of the arms and legs, the turning of the head and twisting of the trunk as practiced in the gymnasiums are excellent so

as practiced in the gymnasiums are excellent so far as they go, but only correct breathing can induce that complex chemistry within the tissues of the body that will assure health.

"I'm English, you know, and very thorough and systematic in what I undertake. I wont take any pupil who is not in earnest about learning and who does not realize the importance of the matter. 'Can I take a long breath? Why of course.' A middle aged pupil, a newcomer, said to me Yesterday and she took a deep inspiration that raised the clavicle and shoulders nearly said to me yesterday and she took a deep inspira-tion that raised the clavicle and shoulders nearly to her ears and brought the blood in a torrent to her face. I then explained the principles I was guided by and after working with her for a quarter of an hour she could take what is termed a lateral breath, expanding the ribs sideways, a style of treathing much preferable to the chest breathing, but not yet what I was trying for. She went

years are strained over much exertion of the limbs of body is apt to be a task frather than a pleasure, and to leave the person stiff and sore, but breathing exercises are good as long as life exists. One pupil I have is 70 years old. She has means and was carious to know what effect a course of pulmonary exercises would have upon her. They have been really beneficial because taken judiciously. Had she acquired the breathing act twenty years ago it would have been a blessing. I delight most in young people and child pupils because they have so much to gain by the right insight and practice. Children's breathing especially is greatly neglected—so many are afflicted with catarth and throat diseases in consequence. If I had my way it should be a punishable offence for any mether to allow her child to breath through the mouth, for that habit is the source of many diseases, to say nothing of snoring, which is an offence against one's neighbors.

"Any child of 8 or 9 years is old enough to understand the principles of breathing. Can women breathe correctly with corsets on? Well, not as cerrectly as they could without them. In fact, unless the corsets are worn loose the base of the lungs cannot be inflated at all; the clavicular, or chest, deep breathing is all the corseted woman could manage and that is the most latiguing mode of respiration and the most unnatural, since the many muscular and hony parts raised by the effort must be sustained during expiration. This mode of breathing dilates the lungs at the top, but the base of the lungs and the abdemen remain dermant. The heart also gets no henefit, while in correct breathing the heart is strengthened and its action improved. Women should dress rationally if they would be well."

This studio where correct breathing is taught in the regular classes who wish to supplement their breathing work with light exercise, there is a system of English Army movements taught in the form of calisthenics. There is no way of describing these except that they are unlike any of the pr

The Meaning and Purpose of the Signs in Placed about midway in the cars of the Brooklyn trolley lines, directly under the usual advertising matter displayed, is the fol-

This space will be filled by a picture showing the right way and the wrong way to get off a car. He sure and get off the right way or you may find yourself in the picture.

from passengers, and those who travel on the tures to appear, but none has appeared. This

tures to appear, but none has appeared. This is explained by the fact that the trolley folks have men out with cameras taking pictures of passengers getting on and off cars, and it is said that just as soon as the required number have been obtained they will be placed in the frames now filled by the signs. In the shopping districts where the women folks take all kinds of chances in getting off and on the trolleys it is said that the men with the cameras have secured some line pictures of the way a person should not get off a car. One of the men who is doing some of this kind of work though says that he has many excellent pictures of women getting on and off moving cars that some men would do well to study.

NO MORE CONCISE AGGREGATION of Real Estate News is to be found in any medium than that printed in THE SUN coef